

The Note

by DoctorPeeves

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Summary: After achieving a hard-fought peace with the Lucian alliance, life at the SGC is fairly calm. With 35 SG teams to keep an eye on their allies and potential enemies, the only puzzle left to solve is who sent a note through the Gate.

The Note

\*\*Hey guys! This is my first Stargate story (hopefully of many), so hope you enjoy! Just note I am not the fastest updater in the world, but I get there eventually!\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: Do not own anything to do with Stargate or MGM\*\*

\_ "Our whole life is solving puzzles" \_ - Erno Rubik

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><p>"They must have heard I was out of the galaxy."<br>"If I'd known you were the reason they were refusing to agree to peace I would have asked John to invite you out to Atlantis months ago!" Sam grinned down the computer link at Mitchell, who chuckled.

>"How did you manage to get them to agree to it?"<br>"Promised to stop blowing their ships out of the sky if they stopped trying to steal ours, and we wouldn't impede their shipping routes as long as they stop shipping drugs throughout the galaxy. They agreed, although I know they'll continue shipping drugs in secret, and when we find out it'll all start up again but, for now, the war with the Lucian Alliance is at an end."

>"You don't sound happy."<p>

Sam sighed.

>"Like I said Cam, it's going to all start up again. It's just a pause. If this is really the end I'll be overjoyed, but do you really believe they're just going to go along with what we say?" Mitchell shook his head.<br>"That kassa is one of their biggest income

generators. They'll still ship it. The question is how long you're going to turn a blind eye to it for?" Sam grimaced.

>"Don't. I thought the politics on the <em>Hammond</em> were bad enough, but it's even worse at the SGC!"

>Mitchell just grinned.</p>

"That's what you get for being an exemplary officer: you end up in commanding roles you never wanted to be in." He paused for a couple of seconds. "The break with the Lucian Alliance does mean you can focus on all the whispers about the Goa'uld getting stronger."

>"That isn't really a problem, Cam. We knew when Ba'al died that, although the System Lords were gone, there were still some minor Goa'uld which the Free Jaffa were happy to deal with. I wouldn't be surprised if it was them spreading the rumours, to make their defeat of the Goa'uld all the greater by wiping out a rising threat."<br>"That's not a very Teal'c thing to do."

>"Even he can't control whispers." There was a moment of silence as they both took a moment to think about their friend.</p>

"How's the new member of SG-1 doing?"

>"Lieutenant Coombes? He's fine. Looks like a military poster boy, and I think he might even have been one. No, he's not a problem. It's Samson that's concerning me."<br>"When isn't he?" Sam snorted, and then sighed.

>"After Jones got promoted and assigned to the Hammond, he assumed that he would become the 2IC, and maybe get a promotion as well. Now he's going around scowling at everyone because Lorenzetti's 2IC instead."<br>"They're both still Majors, right?"

>"Yes, but Samson feels as the older one of the pair, and the one who's been in the Air Force the longest, that he should be in charge. But he's only been a Major six months longer than Lorenzetti, and everyone has told me that they'd trust Lorenzetti over Samson any day."<br>"Definitely. There's just something about the guy that's wrong."

Sam had just opened her mouth to reply when the sirens went off. She frowned, looking through the window that connected her office to the briefing room, and rapidly got to her feet as one of the dialing room technicians came running up the stairs and across to her office. She waved him in before he had a chance to knock.

>"Incoming wormhole, ma'am," he said, the confusion evident in his voice. Sam and Mitchell exchanged a look.<br>"That's impossible."

>"Took the words right out of my mouth, Sam."<br>"But there's already an active wormhole. We're only able to talk because of the wormhole. There can't be an incoming wormhole."

>"The IDC is yours, ma'am". The technician was staring at Sam with a perplexed expression. She bit her lip, her mind whizzing through the possibilities.</p>

"Open the iris," she commanded, and the technician nodded, heading back down to the control room. Sam glanced back at her computer screen. "Sorry, Cam, but I'm going to have to cut the call short. I think we have a time traveller." Mitchell grinned.

>"You guys always have the most fun. I can't believe I'm going to have to wait two weeks to find out what's going on, though if you do want to fill me in before then, don't hesitate." He gave Sam a sharp salute as the computer screen went black. She hurried down to the dialing room, which was still filled with the light cast by an active

wormhole.<p>

Sam stood frowning at the Stargate, waiting to see who, or what, was going to come through. The soldiers in the Gate room had taken up defensive positions, and they all stood watching the Stargate in tense silence, the klaxons still blaring in the background. It was almost anti-climatic when the event horizon rippled and a piece of paper floated through. The wormhole winked out as Sam hurried down to the Gate room.

The soldiers had remained in their defensive positions, too used to odd happenings to approach the piece of paper. Sam strode up the ramp to where the paper was, pulling a handkerchief out of her pocket and cautiously picking up the paper. It was a normal piece of paper, just like the mission reports were written on, folded into quarters. Sam couldn't help her feeling of apprehension, her mind on their encounter with the Aschen, and the possible horrors of the future that had never been. She opened up the piece of paper, careful not to get her fingerprints on it, and stared in shock at the words written on it.

\_Travel to P6C-729

>Help the pair<br>The second time travelling there  
>Sam must also go<em>

It wasn't the words themselves that had shocked Sam. It was the hand they were written in.

>"That's Jack's handwriting!"<p>

End  
file.